

A single white rose

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Summary: Is the love between Michael and Nikita really impossible?

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><br>" No, Michael , we can't " Nikita had trouble speaking these words, but she knew this was the only solution, if they wanted to make it alive together, in this prison called Section.

>Swiftly she started to walk away from Michael through the everlasting gray hallway.<br>Michael moved his hand to reach for her, but pulled it back before his hand touched the skin of her naked upper arm.

>She felt it, even though it hardly touched her. Nikita just moved on, without showing it, Michael couldn't see her eyes, but when he saw goose flesh appear on her arm, he knew enough.<br>

>" Hi sugar !" Walters voice sounded as always.<br>" Hi," Nikita answered hoarse

>" can I help ya ?" Walter frowned his eyebrows and looked at her, he knew something was up with his special friend.<br>" not really " her answers were short, she looked up to him and tried to smile, it didn't quite worked out the way she hoped it would. " can I ..."  
Walter started, " I'm just tired" she interfered, she was already sorry for snitching at him before she spoke out all the words, " Sorry" , she said hasty and turned away.

><br>At home she kicked out her slippers and step into the bathroom, it was about an hour later when she poured herself a glass of red wine, went into the living room and flopped down on her couch. On the table stood a single white rose, Michael gave it to her, a while ago. He would never give her a bunch of flowers, just one white rose, to show his love,

>to show himself...<br>It seemed only a second, when suddenly she shook up of the telephone.

>" Hello " she answered, it was silent on the other side for a little while, then she heard Michaels voice : " Josephine ", he said.<br>Nikita closed her phone, feeling like throwing it in a corner, far away from her. A tear popped up in the corner of her eye.

But it didn't took long to find her cold, untouchable look back.

>She took her sunglasses and closed the door behind her, not knowing that tomorrow things would never be the same again.<br>" He Baby !!!! " it shouted through the hallway, Nikita looked at her tedious neighbor and said : " shut up ! " " whow, honey!!! are we..."

>She could not hear the rest of his wowweling 'cause the elevator door closed.<br>She sought, what a day, would it never end ?

><br>" this group is a little independent organization that terrorizes this area to achieve their goal " Operations briefed the procedure of this new mission. " Why ? " Nikita asked,

>" because they want to own the whole area, probably to build an enormous laboratory, their leader, Jean- Luc Rasineaux wants to create a new sort human-being to concur the world ." he stopped for a second, and then continued:" it's not our greatest fear, but their could be a chance that this Jean-Luc could persuade bigger organizations to join him. And then things could get out of our control, specific information will be on your database." Operations turned around and walked away.<br>

>It was silent in the back of the truck, the team was preparing for a not unusual mission in the mountains. Michael was the field leader, he looked over his team, when his eyes reached Nikita they met hers. Michael hesitated for a moment, opened his mouth to say something, but he didn't. The silence was suffocating.<br>

>Arrived at the location all teams separated to their direction, the mission had began.<br>

>The teams surrounded a castle on the top of a rocky mountain, the air was foggy, it was ominously still.<br>No guards, no closed gates. Nikita felt it: something was wrong. She looked over her shoulder, and saw Michael climbing towards the gate. He looked through the entrance, the whole area seemed deserted. Nikita saw Michael entering the gate, he walked up the square.

>Nothing happened. Some team members followed his example, "they must have moved" one of the team said. <br>No one turned back, and no one entered. Michael took the lead, and said : " Team A check all the walls, look for back doors, signs... "

>" Team B comb out the area, team C comes with me."<br>" Michael, " Nikita started, Michael turned around:" You come with me" he said shortly. Nikita didn't finished the question she actually wanted to ask. She checked her gear, and followed Michael.

><br>The hall was deadly silent, it smelled like , nothing they had smelled before. You could say it smelled like fear, their fear.

>" Michael ", suddenly Birkoffs voice sounded loudly through the silence. Michael took his radio and answered : " nothing here "

<br>At that moment a loud noise disturbed the group, gun fire followed, suddenly fire surrounded the group, and stones fell down from the ceiling, A chaos followed.

>A hand grabbed Nikita's arm and pulled her though the hall down the stairs to the basement, the smoke stung in her eyes, and smothered her throat. She fell, and everything became vague.<br>

>Her head pounded, her throat felt as if she ate sand, and everything ached. Nikita opened her eyes, and for a moment she believed to be in heaven, Madeline disturbed that thought.<br>" How do you feel ? " She asked calmly.

>" what happened ? " Nikita's voice came out soar. She lifted up her head, but immediately sank back in her pillow.<br>" You should rest. " Madeline said, and turned around to walk to the door of the hospital room of Section. " wait, " Nikita forced these words out of her throat, " where is Michael ? " she asked. Madeline did not answer, she opened the door, and closed it silently behind her.

><br>It took Nikita a week to recover good enough to be able to leave her room. Only a few people had passed by to see her. But Michael was not one of them. Birkoff had been very quiet, and Walter wasn't his happy self either. It did not took her long to find out that something was wrong.

><br>" Hi sugar, how do ya feel ? " Walter disturbed Nikita's thoughts, " o.k. I suppose," She answered shortly.

>" would you care for a little walk ?" Walter asked, to get around the subject of the losses of the past mission.<br>

>" What happened ?" Nikita asked leaning on Walters arm.<br>" They said the teams were not careful enough," Walter started

>" Operations ?" Nikita asked, " Yes, and Madeline, But Birkoff got a <br>clue that Red Cel was involved."

>" Oh" , Nikita stared at her feet for a while.<br>" What's going on Walter ?" she suddenly asked, looking Walter in the eyes.

>" Where's Michael ?" she continued when Walter did not answer her first question.<br>" lets bring you back to your bed, " Walter suggested.

>Nikita pulled her arm back, almost lost her balance, but made it to stay standing, " I'm not stupid!" she said violently.<br>" Sugar..." Walter tried to calm her down

>" Where is Michael?" she asked for the last time, she sank down her knees, tired off this whole situation, and exhausted by the pain. It all got over her head now, and people kept on treating her like an idiot. Suddenly her tears got their way, and dripped on the floor. They stung in the wound on her cheek , but she didn't care anymore, she just wanted the truth, or better : she just wanted to see Michael.<br>

>" Come on, sugar, " Walter carefully took her arm and lifted her up her feet. Nikita stopped crying, but her head still hung down, she felt numb.<br>

>For three days Nikita refused to talk to any one, the fourth day she stood up, dressed herself and went. Passing through the hallway she looked up, and saw Operations and Madeline in Operations office. Nikita did not hesitate and went up.<br>

>" Will you finally tell me what's going on" she said calmly.<br>" We are not sure if you are up to that," Madeline answered.

>" Bullshit," Nikita started to loose her temper, she felt like smashing Madelines face so hard, but she didn't show it. With the coldest look she had Nikita looked at Madeline. When she wouldn't answer Nikita looked at Operation. A silence followed.<br>Operations bowed his head and took a deep breath, " sit down " he said seriously. " That's not necessary " Nikita answered coldly, in the bottom of her heart she was afraid of what would be said, but she remained her look and looked Operations in the face.

><br>" Michael didn't make it back" Madeline broke the silence.

>" When, was he buried?" Nikita asked.<br>" He isn't, his ashes has been left in the castle, with the rest of the team" Madeline answered, then she bowed her head.

>" it was a miracle you've made it to the basement " Operations' voice sounded dry.<br>Nikita didn't say a word, she turned around and walked to the door, " I suggest you take a week of " Operation said generously.

>Nikita hesitated in the doorway, then she stepped out. She couldn't care less.<br>" Sugar,?" Walter came up to her, " are you.." he stopped his question, knowing how stupid it sounded.

>" It's all meaningless, isn't it ?" Nikita looked him in the eyes. Walter couldn't answer, seeing the pain in her eyes.<br>

>In the hallway Birkoff came to her, " we organized a memorial service, shall I put some flowers for you ? " he said carefully.<br>"

a white rose " Nikita answered hoarse.  
>" how big do you want the bunch ?" Birkoff tried not to bother her.<br>" A single white rose," Nikita was tired, she stepped out side.  
><br>At home she went outside and sat down on her terrace. The evening was warm. it was long dark before she went in the house to get blanked, she had no intentions to get inside.  
>With a blanked and a glass of red whine she came back, and sat down in her chair. The stars were bright, her mind was empty.<br>It was at least 5 o'clock in the morning before she fell asleep.  
><br>The sun stung in her eyes, Nikita woke up on her terrace. all stiff and cold she slowly started to remember yesterday. She hated it. She laid still in the same pose, until her legs got so cramped that she had to move to stop the pain. She stood up and went into the kitchen. she took a glass of water and entered her bedroom.  
>Her breath stocked, in the middle of the bed laid : A single white rose.<br>

End  
file.